

Doctor TITUS OATES Good Wish :

Or a Salamanca desire since his Sentence.

To the Tune of, *The Old Mans Wish.*

**W**As I once again Young,  
As I would fain be Old ;  
I'd bridle my hate,  
And i'd cease to be bold.  
And all impudence shun,  
That has pointed my fate,  
And never more Plot  
Against the Church and State.  
*To let prejudice reign thus,  
And envy bear sway,  
I find by experience  
It is the broad way  
That makes a mans Fame too  
More sure to decay ;  
That makes a Mans Fame too  
More sure to decay.*

My Pardon like Pasty  
I'd beg and much more,  
To wipe off my sins now  
From the perjured score :  
And shou'd turn obedient  
To Prince and to State,  
And never again shams  
From malice create.  
*To let prejudice reign thus, &c.*

Wou'd my fine acquitted  
And liberty given ;  
I'd forsake all Phanaticks,  
And thank my good Heaven :  
For blotting my impudence  
Out of each mind ;  
And oblige my King  
To forgive and be kind.  
*To let prejudice reign thus, &c.*

Then wou'd I discover  
The limits of reason ,

L O N D O N, Printed for Absalom Chamberlain in the Charter-house yard.

Which made each damn'd fugitive  
Guilty of Treason :  
And persons condemn'd  
To dye by the Rope,  
While we laugh in our sleeves  
To keep private the scope.  
*To let prejudice reign thus, &c.*

The wooden Cravats  
My men lately wore  
They are due to my self,  
With a great many more :  
I'd recant in Print too,  
And equal my sense,  
Of sincere submission  
To a publick offence.  
*To let prejudice, &c.*

Then cur se on the logick,  
My Tutors me taught,  
My snares are all broken,  
And others me caught :  
While he still goes on thus  
And gets an Estate,  
With as crying weapons  
As the Jesuits fate.  
*To let prejudice, &c.*

O let my beloved  
Dissenters take heed,  
I bring not upon them,  
What made others bleed ;  
That the cheat and the snare  
Which the learned did take,  
By their worthy portion  
And Prester John shake.  
*To let prejudice, &c.*

FINIS.

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With upon Wish, or *Dangerfield's Lamentation.*  
Being a true relation, of a Discovery of all the Rogueries of Captain  
*Dangerfield*, who now is Close Prisoner in his Majestys Gaol of  
*Newgate*, for acting the D. of M. in several Countries in *England*.

To the Tune of, *The Old Mans Wish.*

**W**As I once again out,  
I would never come here,  
Nor never transgress

Against King with a fear:  
And all Rogueries shun,  
With a Curse to my late,  
And ne're more concern  
With Church or with State.

*May I govern my self*  
*By an absolute sway,*  
*And grow wiser and better,*  
*Before I go away,*  
*Ambition and Faction*  
*I swear shall decay,*  
*Ambition and Faction*  
*I swear-----shall decay*

A wooden Cravat  
I believe I shall wear,  
And alter a Rope  
Will come to my share.  
But I'll turn obedient  
To Prince and to State,  
And ne're again shams  
From malice create.  
*May I govern, &c.*

If *Tyburn* I miss  
I will grow more wise,  
And to the three Nations  
Be fully precize,  
And will do all  
The good that I can,  
And will turn from a Knave  
To a true Loyal man.  
*May I govern, &c.*

Would my sins were acquitted,  
And liberty given,  
I'd forsake all Fanaticks,  
And thank my good Heaven.  
But now 'tis too late,  
My Roguery's known,

**W**In vain I do prate  
Now in Prison I'm thrown.  
*May I govern, &c.*

O curse on their guilt  
That made me to swear  
Against honest men,  
That alive I wish were:  
I'd govern my hate  
With a pleasant new look,  
And my malice abate,  
And not swear on a Book.  
*May I govern &c.*

To take a mans life,  
Wrongfully away,  
It is a bad act,  
For to swear wrong, I say:  
But a Curse me attend  
That did swear to a lye,  
But now I am in hold,  
And afraid I shall dye.  
*May I govern, &c.*

I wish I were dead,  
I shou'd suffer no more,  
But now at the last  
I must pay a long score.  
The Popish Plot is in *Newgate*,  
O there he is laid,  
There, or at *Tyburn*,  
He must dye, he's afraid.  
*May I govern, &c.*

But now my sufferings  
Is like unto *Oates*,  
With grief I am perplexed,  
And am quite out of sorts.  
No *M-----th*, no, no,  
No more ile disguise,  
The Cloak, and the Star  
Ile leave off and be wise.  
*May I govern, &c.*